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Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1944-08-15

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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LISTENING OUT ISSUE, COURSE 19

EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

AUG 22 1944

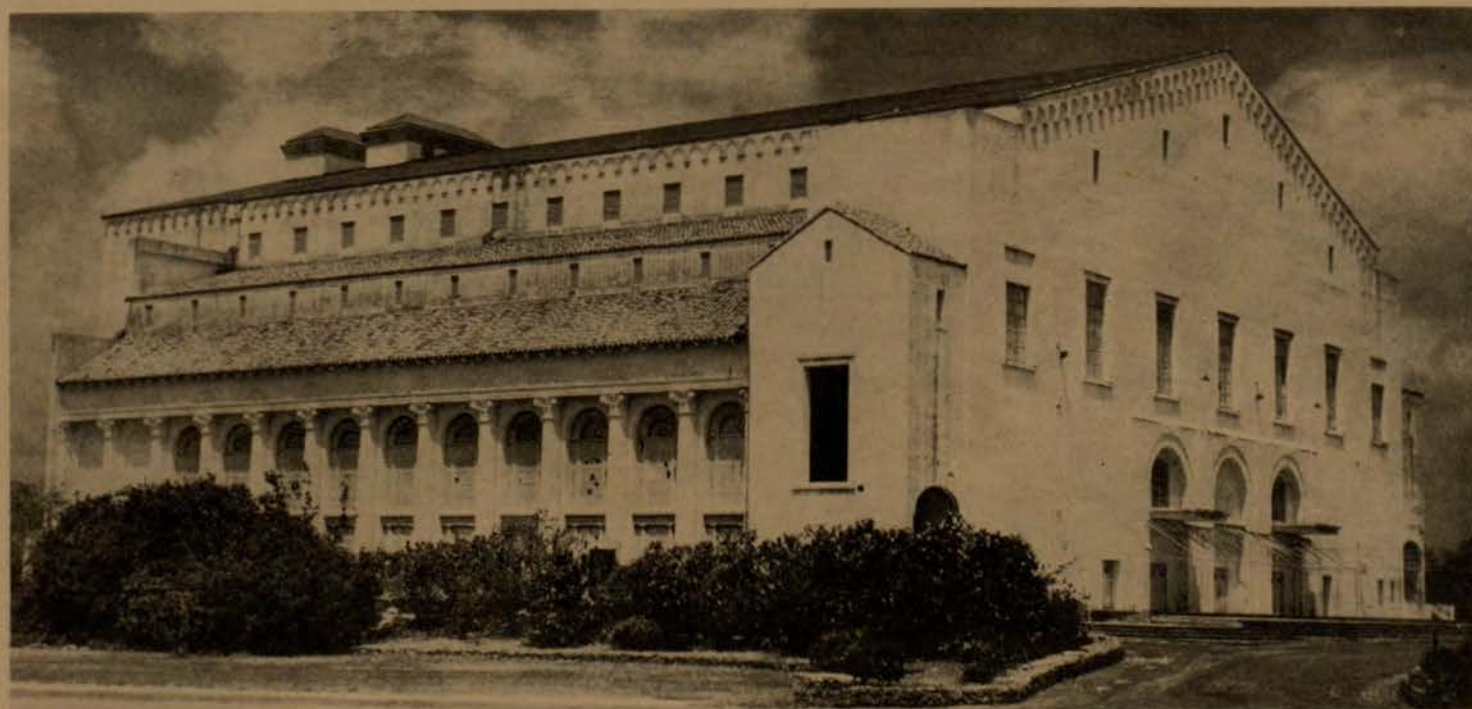
VOL. VIII

AUGUST 15, 1944

NO. 7



The Colonnade Building—New Home of the General and Administrative Offices of the Embry-Riddle Company



The Coliseum — Headquarters of the Technical Division of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

Letters to the Editor

"Somewhere in England"

Dear Editor:

This will be an unexpected letter from a chap overseas, who attended as a soldier your welding course in 1942, from March to July. I've often thought of everyone back there and wish to express my appreciation for the Fly Paper, which I have periodically received since leaving Embry-Riddle.

I wonder where my instructors are, and if they are still with Embry-Riddle? Chief A. E. Barr, Howard Herman, Robert Townsend, Philip Vicari, Joe McGourmy and "Pop" J. D. Adams. Regards to Minnie Verdan, who I understand has since married; Charles C. Ebbets, Photographic Division; Murray L. Wilkes, whose main ambition was to join the Navy; and last but not least convey my best wishes to my dear friend Jo Skinner.

Needless to say, I'd like to be back with you all again, but overseas I am. Have been here for more than thirteen months and shall probably stay for a while longer.

My present work is Chaplain's assistant, and in my association with the Chaplains of this base I feel that I have received spiritual and moral stimulation—something no soldier ever had too much of! I feel that this work provides an opportunity to serve my God, my Country and my fellow men. I couldn't ask for more.

Sincerely,

Morris J. Tovian
Cpl. U. S. Army

Editor's Note: Your letter was a surprise indeed, Morris, and we were very happy to hear from you. Our answer is on its way to you. Your attitude is inspiring and we are certain that you are doing a splendid job.

England

Dear Editor:

I was most pleased to receive a letter from you, especially since mail has been slow coming through. You bet I am still interested in the Fly Paper! It's a darn good paper and it really covers the works of the Fields. Had I not been sold on it, do you think I would have worked so hard getting cadets to turn in articles for release?

I would more than appreciate it if you would arrange to have the paper sent over here to me. Letters sometimes fail to mention news and events that are exceedingly interesting.

I have not as yet had the opportunity to see too much of England. Transportation in this country is a big problem. The nearest town is over three miles away and you get there by walking. While a rather large city is situated only twelve miles

from here, train schedules are so poor that Saturdays are the only times we can make connections.

The countryside is divided into various farms by stone or bush hedgerows. Flowers abound along the roads and in pretty little gardens surrounding all homes. The houses, many of them very old, are built of stone.

Most all commodities are rationed. It is unlawful to make ice cream, and candy is almost non-existent. Food is difficult to obtain in restaurants, so it is necessary to dine early before they run out of food and close the shop.

We too are limited in what we can buy. We get seven packages of cigarettes, two bars of candy, one bar of soap, one 5c box of crackers, two razor blades, etc., per week. We have little reason to complain, how-



Flarppey

ever, since it is sufficient if used wisely.

I should greatly appreciate hearing from you again and any of the people I knew while stationed at Dorr Field. Letters mean a great deal more when you are overseas.

Sincerely,

Bill Hand

Editor's Note: Lt. Wilson B. Hand was Public Relations Officer at Dorr Field for some time and did a grand job of obtaining cadet articles for the Fly Paper. Letters are very important to the men overseas, so any of you Dorr-ites wish to write to Bill, just contact this office and we will gladly supply his address.

Spartan School of Aeronautics
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Dear Editor:

I am a Brazilian student staying at the Spartan School to study mechanics. How I should like to have the Fly Paper from your school.

If it is not too much trouble, I also should like you to send the Fly Paper to my father in Rio de Janeiro. He likes to know everything which the United States

does to help Brasil in its progress; I mean, about your school in São Paulo.

I will be glad if you can satisfy my request, and I say thank you a lot.

Always yours,

Benedicto Alves da Rosa

Editor's Note: We are very happy, Senhor da Rosa, to send the Fly Paper to you and to your father.

313 Water Street
Belhaven, N. C.

Dear Editor:

I'm not one of the many lucky service men or students of aviation that have written such interesting letters. I'm just an onlooker who really enjoys your paper and who has dreams of attending Embry-Riddle in the future.

You see, I'm quite a long way from Florida, and any news about aviation from that famous school, Embry-Riddle, is eagerly awaited.

So, here's to the future and an excellent opportunity for me—and thousands of other boys and girls—to gain our goal in aviation.

Sincerely,

Iris Wilkinson

Editor's Note: We were very pleased to receive your nice letter, Iris, and we hope it will not be long before your dream of flight comes true and you can join our students here in Miami.

Verona, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I received a letter from you some time ago requesting information as to the whereabouts of Lt. Robert F. Agne.

After leaving Clewiston, Robert went to Billy Mitchel Field, Wisc., leaving there the latter part of September, when he went to Denver. He was with the Transport Command until late in January when he was transferred to Gore Field, Great Falls, Mont.

He writes home that he has been in thirty-seven States and has had several trips to Alaska.

He also has had the pleasure of meeting a Charlie Weber, one of his Clewiston acquaintances who was flight leader in Course 12, the course ahead of Robert. He is in the same squadron with Robert at Gore Field.

This is about all the information I can give you at the present time. If anything interesting comes up, I will try to let you know.

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. Elmer Gerwig

Editor's Note: Robert was graduated from Riddle Field with Course 13. His mother writes in reply to a letter from Ernie Smith, General Manager of Riddle Field, which requested information concerning Robert's present activities.

Letters from Britain

"Woodlands"
Tittensor
Stoke-on-Trent
England

Dear Sir:

In replying to your recent letter I am pleased to give you the following information regarding my son, Thomas S. Haynes.

I must say, however, he has always been very reticent regarding his activities, but I want you to definitely understand this is the sole reason why you have not received any news from him.

You may take it from me that he has nothing but praise and sincere gratitude for the Embry-Riddle company. On his be-



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT THOMAS S. HAYNES, former member of Course 3 at Riddle Field, and his bride. This picture was sent to us from England by F/Lt. Haynes' father, whose letter appears on this page.

half will you please accept our united thanks for the instruction and knowledge gained while at your Station, the untiring efforts of all the instructors and staff who not only did their duty conscientiously, but went out of their way to make the courses interesting and off duty periods a real pleasure. It is a period in his life he will never forget.

It is impossible for me to mention each person by name, but I should truly be grateful if you would convey to the members of your staff with whom my son came in contact his kindest regards and a sincere thank you.

On returning to England from America my son was granted a commission and then posted to a Flying Instructor School. Here he gained highest honors for the Course. From there he was posted to an E.F.T.S. where he continued for sometime. He was then posted to a Flying Instructor School as an instructor. His rank is now Flight Lieutenant.

As a final item of news I wish to inform you that on January 20th, 1944, my son married Section Officer J. Raisbury, a W.A.A.F. officer on the same station, and

a very nice girl too. I enclose a small photo of Mr. and Mrs. Haynes.

I cannot close without a word regarding the Fly Paper, realizing the amount of time and thought that must be spent in compiling each issue. As some little compensation, permit me to say that I have met many people in all parts of the country who are recipients of your journal, and without exception they all look forward to receiving every edition, each of which is always full of interest.

Yours sincerely,
T. Haynes

Editor's Note: Ernest J. Smith, General Manager of Riddle Field, sent us the above letter in order to convey Mr. Haynes' expressions of appreciation to all concerned in his son's training. Even at this late date, we wish to send best wishes to F/Lt. Haynes and his charming bride. We hope that other members of Course 3 will read this interesting letter and will be inspired to write to us.

Sgts. Mess R.A.F.
Culmhead, Taunton
Somerset, England

Dear Editor:

Much water has passed under the bridge since I last gazed upon that fair "island-in-the-swamps," namely Riddle Field. However, we have been able to maintain close contact with all your activities through the medium of the Fly Paper, which seldom fails to arrive on schedule.

As you know, I was a member of the celebrated "Chiefy's Gang," in other words, Course 10. I'm sorry to say that "Chiefy" Ward has been reported wounded in action.

Upon raking over the old "grey matter" I find I have several items of news concerning old course members which, although some of it is old, may be of interest to you. For instance, Tony Donell and Peter Chappin are in India. I hear they were tired of England's cold weather after spending a few months in Florida so decided to find a warmer climate!

David Roberts, who is now a Flight Lieutenant, has just completed one tour of operations in Bomber Command. Freddie Fox also is over half-way through his tour, flying Lancasters.

Of the fighter boys from our Course, I've only met three, Digger Townsend, Freddy Penny and Jimmy Moody. I think they are all flying Typhoons. I was fortunate enough to be sorted out for Spitfires and am now really enjoying life on one of the many Spitfire Squadrons.

W/O Bob George, an old Carlstromite, is also on this squadron and is regularly receiving the Fly Paper. P/O Frank Quormby is on staff work somewhere in Scotland. Derrick Button of Course 10, photographer for the Fly Paper, and Neville Pereira, also Course 10, have been commissioned and are flying "heavies."

I would like to tender my sincere thanks to all at Riddle Field and the surrounding district for making our stay out there as enjoyable and beneficent as it was. I especially salute Mr. Veltrie, Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Langhorne whose unfortunate lot it was to have me as one of their pupils.

In closing, I would like to wish you every success in your new venture in Brasil; if it is conducted in the same manner as your schools in Florida then I know without a doubt that it is bound to be a great success.

Yours sincerely,
Sammy Easy

Editor's Note: Thanks, Sammy, for all the "gen" on Course 10. On this page you will find a note from "Chiefy's" parents, telling us the good news of his recovery. Please write us soon again.

100 Meadow Street
Moss Side
Manchester, England

Dear Editor:

We now send you a few lines regarding our son, William B. Ward, who was trained at No. 5 B.F.T.S., Clewiston. He is now Warrant Officer—thanks to your training.

Recently he was seriously injured whilst on night operations, but we are glad to say he is now recovering and we think he soon will be on the wing again.

We are always glad to get your Fly Paper.

With best wishes and happy landings to all at Embry-Riddle,

Mr. and Mrs. F. Ward

Editor's Note: This encouraging note came on the heels of a letter from Sammy Easy (published on this page) telling us that "Chiefy" had been wounded in action. We are happy to know that that famous member of Course 10 is on the mend and soon will be back in the air.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, Post Office Box 668, Miami 30, Florida. Requests for papers to be mailed to servicemen overseas must be signed by the addressee.

Name _____

Address _____

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Monthly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.



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President

JOHN G. McKAY
Vice-President and Legal Advisor

GEORGE G. WHEELER, Jr.
Vice-President

LEONARD J. POVEY
Vice-President
in Charge of Flying Operations

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Forgiveness

by CHAPLAIN L. H. SHONFELT
Carlstrom and Dorr Fields

The doctrine of forgiveness is essential in every creed. Furthermore, it is one of the highest Christian virtues. I have always maintained that a practical religion should apply to every experience and circumstance of life. But can forgiveness be applied realistically in our present national and international situation? It is not a popular, but a most pertinent idea. Thoughts of forgiveness are usually foreign to a people nearing military victory.

Forgiveness means to excuse the faults or forego the penalty. I think of it as an erasure on a typewritten page. The mistake is rubbed out and then corrected, though the evidence of a mistake remains. To strike over the mistake with the correct letter results in a meaningless blur.

In terms of life the humiliation and sense of failure is removed though some stain of sin may remain. Meaning and a sense of right is restored to life. To attempt to build a world of righteousness upon a foundation of unforgiven sins and of desire for revenge is doomed to dismal failure.

The only hope of a postwar world of justice and peace lies in the attitude of forgiveness. The morning paper carries the news of Congress threatening to investigate the military. Labor accuses capital of profiteering. Capital accuses labor of lack of patriotism. We will need to forgive the mistakes of war years. We will need to forgive our enemies. If possible, we will need to forgive ourselves the tragic mistakes that led to war and the sin of war itself. Even as I cannot type legibly without an eraser at my fingertips, so the world cannot progress cooperatively as nations, or as a family of nations, without the well-used eraser of forgiveness.

Forgiveness is essential in a world of imperfect humans. The scripture says, "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you." (Matthew 6:14) Likewise when we forgive each other, we prepare the way for our own forgiveness.

I remember reading this story which came out of World War I. A group of children were kneeling before a shrine amidst the debris of war-torn Belgium. They were saying the Lord's Prayer. They came to the words, "Forgive us our trespasses as we . . ." At that point they faltered and could not go on. One of the older children said, "We must say the prayer. Let's begin again." Again they hesitated on those same words, but a strong masculine voice took up the prayer, "As we forgive those who trespass against us." That man was the king of Belgium who happened to be passing by.

It was a Divine King who first spoke those words in prayer, and it requires a

Continued on Page 17

COLONEWS

by LIL CLAYTON

Heretofore "Tech Talk" has headed this column, but the Tech School has moved to the Coliseum and your associate editor is lodged amidst the hubbub of the General and Administrative offices at the Colonnade. What shall we call this column? You tell us, and we'll buy you a nice, long, cool coke.



Lil

I've tried valiantly to find out what's going on around G and A and the following is an example of what happened upon entering various departments in the search for news: "Put that desk over here . . . No, not there, I have to have room to get around it" . . . "My telephone table must be near the telephone" . . . "Oh, where is my telephone table?" . . . "Where's my secretary . . . there you are—take a letter" . . . "Where is my steno pad? . . . pencil? . . . Whose filing cabinet is this?" . . . "Better put my typewriter on that box, I'll sit on the floor and type this letter."

Well . . . all in all, it's been fun. Moving day is always a mess, but when it is all over there's much pleasure in new surroundings. We all hated to leave our beloved Tech School building, but we didn't go to a "strange country" when we settled down in the Colonnade. Many of us have been here before. We all know we will be happy here. Being in the midst of busy,

buzzing Coral Gables has its advantages in affording opportunities to shop during lunch hours and finding different places for a "snack" at noon.

What is it?

Many have wondered about that strange contraption in the reception hall on the second floor. We finally located Truman Gile, supervisor of the research department, and he proudly demonstrated what he claims to be the only one of its kind in the world—a plastic turn and bank indicator.

Truman explained that this is standard equipment on a plane's instrument panel. It was not manufactured for practical use but for visual instruction of students. It shows clearly at a glance the method in which a gyro resists opposing forces. Complete in every detail, it operates precisely as the instrument installed in all modern aircraft and has brought commendation from technicians, engineers and military authorities who have seen it.

Use of the turn and bank indicator follows out Embry-Riddle's educational policy of emphasizing visual instruction, and the Research department has constructed many mock-ups of plastics and wood, along with cutaways of various instruments, engines, carburetors, oil pumps, hydraulic systems, etc., for this purpose.

Best Wishes

G & A's best wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. George Wheeler, Jr., for a long and happy married life. We miss you, George, as we've been missing you, Gene, but we know your honeymoon up North will be perfect, as will your life hereafter, together.



MRS. GEORGE GILMAN WHEELER, JR.

(Photo by Pilkington)

Embry-Riddleites Attend Wedding of Gene Bryan And George Wheeler, Jr.

There was an under current of excitement around the Colonnade building on Friday afternoon, August 4th. The business of the day went on as usual, but there were activities strange to the legal and purchasing departments and definitely foreign to the office of the executive vice-president.

A wedding was in the air, a wedding that had as its principles two important members of the Embry-Riddle family—the executive vice-president and his erstwhile secretary—George Wheeler and Gene Bryan.

Embry-Riddle Bridal Party

Late in the afternoon a chosen few slipped quietly away from their offices to attend the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Daniel Iverson at the Shenandoah Presbyterian Church. None other than John Paul Riddle gave Gene away and Capt. Leonard J. Povey, vice-president of Embry-Riddle in charge of operations, acted as best man for George. Legal advisor Benjamin W. Turner and purchasing agent Arthur E. Carpenter were ushers, while Gene's sister, Mrs. Thomas Wesley Donaldson, was matron of honor.

Other Embry-Riddle-ites who attended the services were Mrs. Riddle, Mr. and Mrs. John G. McKay, Mrs. John G. McKay, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Kuhl, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Zachar, Mr. and Mrs. Nate Reece, Jr., Mrs. Povey, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Carpenter and H. T. Carpenter.

We know we speak for the entire Embry-Riddle organization in wishing Gene and George all the happiness in the world.



FOUR YEARS OF SERVICE WITH THE EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL OF AVIATION recently was marked with appropriate ceremonies at the old Tech School. Five of our four year men are, reading from left to right, Arthur E. Carpenter, purchasing agent; Wilbur A. Sheffield, head of the ground school at Chapman Field; George G. Wheeler, Jr., executive vice president of Embry-Riddle; E. Arthur Gibbons, assistant general manager of Chapman Field; and Robert A. Hillstead, comptroller. Since this picture was taken two of the above gentlemen definitely have undergone a change of status; George Wheeler has become a benedict and Bob Hillstead now wears the uniform of an ensign in the United States Navy.

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

NO. 5 B. F. T. S.

BOB FOWLER, Editor

Associate Editors: NIEL DWYER, D. K. FREETH, J. A. KILLICK, A. NEWTON-ADAIR, D. H. WALLER

Air Commodore D. V. Carnegie, A.S.C., Director of Flying Training, Air Ministry, England, honored Riddle Field with his distinguished presence last week.

The Air Commodore was accompanied by Group Captain C. G. Lott, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.S.C., Wing Commander T. O. Prickett, D.S.O., D.S.C., and J. B. Heatley, deputy director of administration and finance of the R.A.F. Delegation at Washington. W/C Prickett at one time was commanding officer of Riddle Field, where he made a host of friends.

F/O P. G. West, D.S.O.

News was received this week that Flying Officer P. G. West of Course No. 10 has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

The following is a copy of the citation as it appears in the London Gazette Supplement, dated 16th June 1944:

"Flying Officer Peter Gerald West, 150199, Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, No. 164 Squadron.

"This officer was the pilot of one of a small formation of aircraft detailed to attack a ground target one morning in May 1944. His objective was the destruction of a light gun position which menaced the success of the operation as a whole. In the execution of his task, Flying Officer West displayed such percision and resolution that the enemy gunners were unable to fire a single shell in defense of their position.

"His main task was accomplished, but seeing the guns of another emplacement further west, Flying Officer West pressed home an attack on this position on which he expended the remainder of his ammunition. As he turned for home his aircraft was hit by a shell. Flying Officer West was severely wounded in the arm and leg, both limbs being rendered useless.

"His radio-telephone was put out of action. Nevertheless, this gallant pilot displayed the greatest coolness. With his good arm he lifted his maimed one above his head in an effort to decrease the flow of



MRS. GRACE HAMPTON IN THE TOWER at Riddle Field, where she has been employed for over two years.

blood, and set course for home. In this position he flew the aircraft to this country. Soon after crossing the coast he successfully effected a crash-landing in a field near a main road. This officer displayed courage, endurance and devotion to duty beyond praise."

COURSE 21

Last month's Fly Paper welcomed us in no mean terms it is true, mentioning—and we feel bound to say a little facetiously—our unairmanlike appearance upon arrival, but added that before publication we had all partaken of a bath. Well, in the past five weeks Course 21 has been continuing the good work, and planting both feet firmly "on the ball" have held forth in a manner truly aerobatic!

Pressure of work, however—about 2 Gs to our reckoning—has not held us in camp, and the first free week end found the frustrated leftovers from a fortnight's chores descending on Palm Beach.

Kindness was lavished upon us from all sides, both in private homes and service clubs, and we would extend our hearty gratitude to all concerned, with an especial word of thanks to Mrs. Marx for her untiring work in that direction. Indeed, these week ends have been gay and delightful.

After five weeks we have become quite Americanised, to the extent of calling "kites" "ships" (which had to be changed immediately because of an order to the effect that they were to be called "aircraft"), and spurning afternoon tea for iced "cokes" on every conceivable (and many inconceivable) occasions.

Riddle non immemor. The cadet who flew the first leg of his cross country with the form 1A in the strut.

COURSE 20

Course 20 has progressed far since last their deeds were chronicled in this humble column. From peeking goggle-eyed and open-mouthed at the mighty complications of the A.T. 6, they have graduated to throwing them about the sky with confidence, in fact, with far more confidence than their instructors have in them.

Ground school somewhat naturally weighs a little heavily at this Pre-Wings stage, and it is quite easy to detect a Course 20 man at this juncture. His face is pre-occupied to the point of complete blankness, with bloodless lips moving soundlessly. No, he hasn't mosquito-bite poisoning, or Link lunacy. It's just Mental D.R.

We all mourn the passing of the fiercest face fungus of the course. Although the shaving was coveted by Chief Keeth, who can never quite suppress his inherent scalping instincts and would have gladly done the job gratis, it was reverently removed by the hand that for so long had stroked and twirled it. Now that it's off we don't know whether Johnny Warrington is glad or sorry, but he does look queerly at the broom sometimes.

Course 20 are all very sorry to hear that Mr. Auringer will not be with them after Pre-Wings. So far he has done a wizard job of initiating them into the mysteries of Met.

'Round Riddle

Bob Walker reports that the Instructor's Club is now bigger and better than ever before. This is due largely to the new management in the persons of Jimmie Cousins and Larry DeMarco. Short orders are being served every evening, and the full dinners will be available every night as soon as more help is obtained.

The Frank Veltries became the proud parents of a baby girl, Frankie Dianne, week before last. Congratulations.

ANNIVERSARY DANCE

The long awaited, oft postponed Anniversary Dance will take place on Friday, August 18th. It will be held in the Mess Hall on the Field. All Officers, Permanent Staff, Cadets, and Riddleites are welcome. Dancing will be from 9:00 til—. Admissions will be as follows: \$1.00 single; \$1.50 double; Cadets 75c.



A FEW POINTERS ON FLYING THE LINK are given to Cadet "Tiny" Parker of Course 20 by Instructor Earl Peters.



COURSE

"19"



"LISTENING OUT"



STUART W. PATERSON.

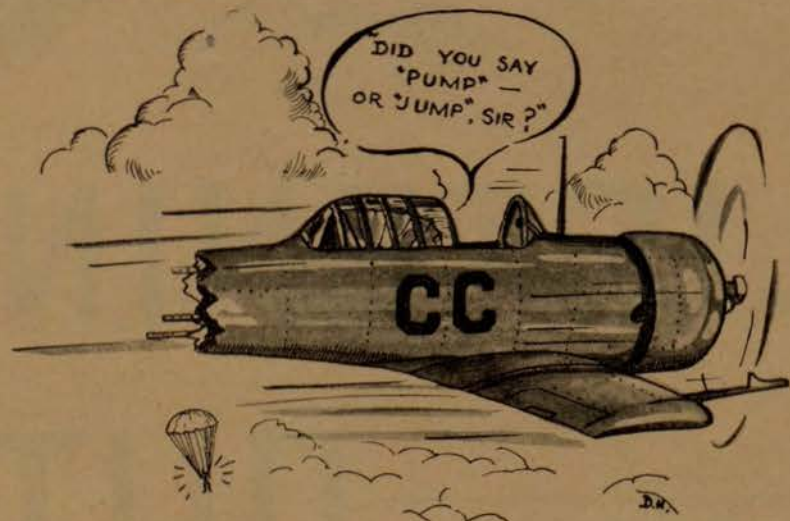


"The Notorious 19th"

"A AND B FLIGHTS"



"DAILY CRISIS"
DEDICATED TO COURSE 20





C/FC SANDY 'BARRIE'



C/FC DR. P.T. MURPHY



C/FC JOHN WOOD



C/FC PADDY 'ALLEN'

The



C/SC 'MORGUE' PEARSE

Boys



C/FC 'CHICK' CHISHOLM



VERNON
FRANCOMB



GORDON MCEWAN, FINLAY McRAE, STUART PATERSON



ROY
GOULD



RAY DEW



JOHN ROGERS, NORM SIMPSON, DOUG WAKEFIELD



DAN BARTLETT



ALAN STOCKDALE



DON HARRISON



GIAN TILEY



Course 19

It all began last winter in a small Canadian township. The New Brunswick landscape was covered with a mantle of snow, it was cold, but the sun shone brilliantly. To the inhabitants of that small town it was quite an ordinary day. As they went about their daily tasks little did they, or anyone else, realize that it was a day that would go down in history. Information which would make the walls of the Wilhelmstrasse tremble on their foundations. Yes, Course 19 was on its way.

Eager, if erroneous, anticipation passed through our minds as we reclined in those relics of railroad ancestry. *Florida*—our far off destination, a land of tropical splendour. Clewiston—a city of 50,00 inhabitants, adjacent to the sea complete with night clubs, dance palais and theatres, awaiting us with open arms. An evening's stroll into Palm Beach or Miami. Relaxation in bathing attire 'neath the shade of cocoanut palms in the company of blonde and brunette harem-pieces. Oh, those lines we will shoot! The spare time sport of flying and just a little ground school revision to prevent us getting stale. *Yes, brother, life is grand.*

New York, a glimpse of that splendid city, before we were plunged into the subterranean confines of Pennsylvania Station.

Our entry into Washington was heralded by the sirens of a practice alert, which was unfortunate in preventing Congress from turning out to greet us.

The snow had long since disappeared and orange groves now lined the track. Why did that train stop at the wrong places? With the

aid of a time-table chart, graciously supplied by the A. C. L. Railway Company, and a little mental *D. R.*, our *circle of uncertainty* embraced the state of Florida.

The orange groves had given way to an endless, swampy wilderness. Eventually an outpost of civilization appeared on the distant horizon. Although somewhat out on *E. T. A.*, as the train drew to a standstill the beaming countenance of the Wing Commander in the station portico established beyond all doubt a first-class *fix*. Dirty, and travel weary the course traversed the final winding hilly miles to Riddle Field.

The ensuing months of toil and sweat did but little to dampen the spirits of the indomitable Course 19. Process hardened by discip' N. C. O.'s battle courses and the stomach disturbing rigours of a mid-winter Atlantic crossing, No. 5 B. F. T. S. was taken in its stride.

To our officers whose worldly wisdom and guidance kept our youthful spirits within respectable bounds—we thank you.

To our instructors whose patience was worn to exasperation in fashioning that heap of raw material dumped on Clewiston station into the finished articles . . . surpassing the noblest efforts of Pygmalion—we thank you.

To Mr. and Mrs. NeSmith and the very kindly people of Palm Beach and elsewhere in Florida who took the course to their hearts, providing a delightful and unforgettable memory—we thank you.

—P. T. MURPHY



STAN GREENHOW



ALAN HEAD



BERT WARD



PETER HILES



NORMAN HUNT



ARTHUR WRIGHT



NASH GREENHOW



ALEC TAYLOR



HARRY SMITH



'CURLY' BOWDEN



BILL TAYLOR



TERRY HYDE



PETER KING KEN JOHNSON



TONY WILLCOX



KEN TERRY



SAM GRAINGER



JACK WALTON



STAN WRIGHT



JERRY DEROUX.



PAUL JACKSON
DOUG COOMBS



BILL WALKER



"KEN BESZANT

THE

Saturday
INSPECTION

Brooms to the left and mops to the right;
Crumbs! What a hectic industrious sight,
Buckets of water all over the floor,
Somebody scraping the paint off the door.
—It's Saturday morning.

Shifting the cobwebs from all the nooks;
Frantically hiding superfluous books,
Expressions this morning are terribly grim,
Darn it! Who's hidden the perishing vim?
—Yes, it's Saturday morning.

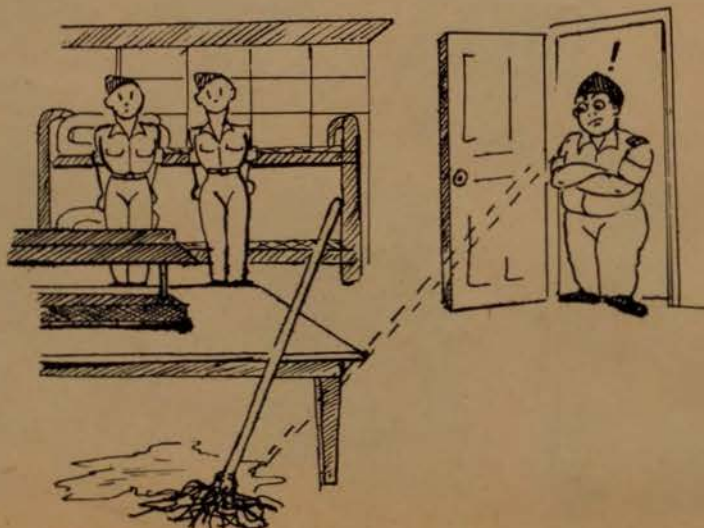
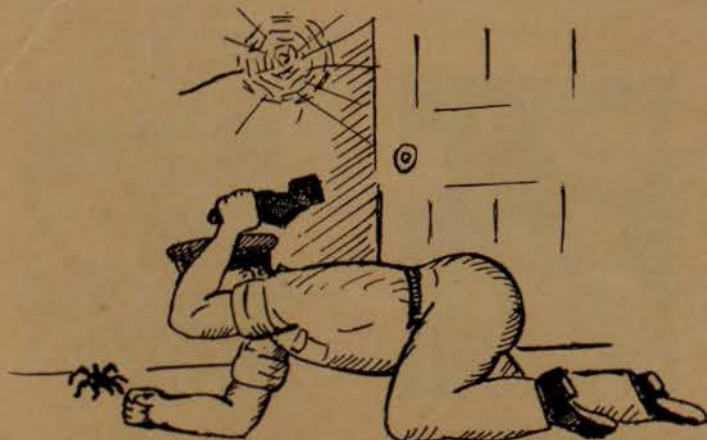
Jim over there is all in a fluster;
For *he* lost the vim and he's lost our duster,
We all throw him looks well fitted to kill,
And meaningly point to the window sill.
—Definitely Saturday morning.

A thump and a bump and a horrible groan;
Joe's slipped on the soap and he's out like a stone,
We grab him and haul him on to a bed,
We think he's alive—his face is still red.
—Indisputably Saturday morning.

Zero hour is drawing nearer;
And the windows *won't* come clearer,
Anxious glances are cast outside,
God! They'll never think we tried.
—It could only be Saturday morning.

We rush to the bathroom mirrors and shelves;
Fear drives us on to exceed ourselves,
Then loathing looks are cast at me, for
I've dropped Smith's pipe and it's broken in three.
—Oh! The horror of Saturday morning.

A shout, and we look at each other aghast;
Disaster's descending upon us at last,
We shiver and listen with baited breath,
We can hear the approach of hobnailed death.
—Preserve us from Saturday morning.



The door opens wide, "Room attention;"
We offer a prayer for now we are done,
Dimly we see the C. O. inside,
The adjutant follows with purposeful stride.
—The climax of Saturday morning.

Somebody mentions the dirty mop;
Till the Adjutant firmly commands him to stop.
All numbed by anticipatory fear,
We shake at what next the C. O. will peer.
—Saturday, Saturday morning.

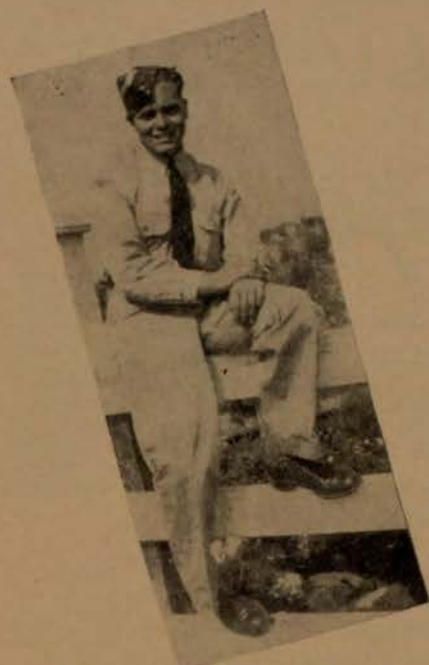
But the C. O. is really very kind;
He doesn't frown and he doesn't bind,
He just walks quickly, affably through,
And says with a smile he thinks that will do.
—There's no end to a Saturday morning.

The silence is broken by sounds of a fight;
It's the Adj. and a spider, a remarkable sight;
The Adj. was about to denounce her lair,
But Miss Spider considered that very unfair.
—It's torture—is Saturday morning.

A few moments more and the party's passed on;
Someone shouts, "Relax boys, the brass hats have gone."
We collapse on our beds—all except Smith,
Who stands there immobile, unnaturally stiff.
—We've survived Saturday morning.

I close my eyes, then jump with a shout;
I've just got in front of a powerful clout,
It was Smith who aimed that wicked swipe,
"Hurry," he grinds, "repair my pipe."
—That's the end of our Saturday morning.

—E. A. BARRIE



'GIG' YOUENS



ALAN FLETCHER
DON CLARK
ERIC ASPIN



ALAN NEWTON-ADAIR



TOM
WHITELEY



'PETE' HARTIGAN & 'PETE' GOODFELLOW

DEREK
SEXTON



ERNIE YAXLEY



PETE
MORRISSEY



'DOOFER' SMITH



BOB NEEDLE

JOHN
CARLETON



IAN
COLLIN



LEO WILLOUGHBY



RAY YOUNG
RON PEASE



ARTHUR THURGOOD

The Pilgrimage

Verily the morn was filled with panic; was not this the day chosen by the almighty Station Master to spread the *word*? Were not his disciples departing to the outer bounds of civilization? To Monroe of the State of Louisiana, all points west—aye, even to the far north?

Many were the preparations for this feat of aeronautics; quantities of multi-colored papers descended into the rear-most cubicle of the machine of tutelage. Ye Patron St. Joe was oft beseeched to provide clement conditions in ye heavens, and ye directions of flight were noted on strangely wrought tablets.

So, with the parting benedictions of the fair damsel in ye minaret of control resounding in their machines of aerial converse, they set forth on their pilgrimage.

The substance of ye heavens was temperate albeit ye first 100 cubits, but this was the chosen hour for St. Joe to imbibe his quota of ambrosia, and his guardianship was neglected!

Ye heavens fell! and great was the fall of them; likewise the intrepid aeronauts descended to ye deck, aye even to ye daisies, and many were the orbits of doubtfulness. Many fell by the truckside; some fell upon

good terrain in a precautionary manner, and were right hospitably entertained by mariners; whereat one again, by the grace of the Lord ascended in a perambulator, descending in confusion by ye Force of Gravity; his speedy return to ye active lists was effected by ye pharmacists and apothecaries.

Of ye multitude who departed from ye haven of peace and rest, few only arrived at ye trysting place at ye appointed hour. Great was their welcome, and great was their line!

Came the dawn, and great was the wrath of the Chief Disciple, for ye U/T disciples had imbibed deeply of the pleasures of Morpheus, and ye hour of departure had fled. Yet the sands of time smoothed the furrowed visage, and all was well in the house of the Raffé.

Then they returned to the promised land, nay—one alone strayed from the straight and narrow path, but his comrades sought the lost sheep, and he returned to the fold.

Could ye but witness the reunion at Valhalla; ye prevarications; ye perjuries and forgeries. Thus they came as they went, happy in the knowledge of Joe's work well done, and their existence as navigators of ye air assured.

—S. W. G. GRAINGER

Compiled by P. T. MURPHY and E. A. BARRIE

Sketches by D. P. HARRISON

Frontispiece by S. H. PATERSON



Pro
Patria
Mori

MICHAEL KEVIN HINDS

July 13th, 1944

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by CARA LEE DaBOLL

As a parting contribution from yours truly, I would like to wax sighingly reminiscent and maybe slightly sentimental in an effort to transcribe some of the more delightful memories I have filed away for future musing of a great gang who made possible so many fine times.



"Cookie"

The dawn of August 12th, 1944 marked the second year of flight operations at Chapman Field. Many of the old gang, who had pioneered from Municipal to the wilds of Chapman in search of fame and fortune, were still intact. All have found their fame, but some have left to seek their fortunes elsewhere. So it is to them that this column is dedicated, not in the obituary sense of eulogizing but in the commemoration of their diligent efforts and the sincere but light hearted spirit in which they worked.

Cheers for Mr. G

First of all let us give three bells and 3,000 packs of Luckys to E. Arthur Gibbons who in all his modesty has won the continued respect and admiration of all who knew him. As Tidemaster over a house of tyrants he is due much credit for keeping us out of deep water and on an even keel. In his spare moments he works as philosopher, father confessor, income tax authority, notary public and a walking bureau of information. He can and will answer any \$64.00 question for half-price. All joking aside, he is our unquestionable nominee for top man in our Flight Division Hall of Fame.

And speaking of likeable people, let us pay due tribute to the "Happiness Boys" who fly for fun and fill out flight logs and records for a living. They are the ones who on rainy days keep spirits high and production low. When they get started nothing but physical exhaustion can stop them. They are the only humans on earth who can take the simplest problem and reduce it to its most confusing form. But we love those sky-happy buzz-boys.

Roll of Honor

Scanning over our roll of honor we see newly inserted service stars for former Instructors "Jungle Jim" Pollard, noted for his good nature (not to mention his figure); Mr. "6x3 built like a tree" Moxley and goodlooking Bill "Mac" McGarth who recently have joined forces with Eastern Airlines. Congratulations, good luck and many happy landings in your new jobs as Co-Pilots, nursemaids, and gadget tenders. Here's looking forward to that day when the commission will read "Captain."

Along with these fellows have gone Instructors Dave "Whipstall" DaBoll of flying cowboy fame; Tiny Davis, the guy with

the built-in parachute, and unfathomable wit; Guy Haygood, who has gone into the filling station business in an effort to keep with him what sanity he has left; Jack Muller, now working in Hollywood as Chief Pilot, Chief Line Boy and Chief Dispatcher.

Dave Pearlman, the guy who's sure flying ain't safe, is now, by the forces of destiny, learning the fundamentals of flying as a Naval Cadet and looks back at the peaceful days at Chapman with nostalgic longing.

There is likeable "Curly Narrow," and while we're speaking of the glamorous, we'll not forget Nancy Graham and Charlotte Kayser, all old Municipal Fielders who are still in the running. There are many more who helped in some way to keep the wheels turning and who will not be forgotten at Chapman.

Space is short, so I'll pack away my memories in lavender and old lace with this familiar Chapman phrase, "Don't think it ain't been fun."

Editor's Note: We are shedding bitter tears over "Cookie's" decision to take on the full time duties of a housewife. You will be sorely missed. Mrs. DaBoll, by Embry-Riddle in general and Chapman in particular. We all wish you the best of luck and hope you'll keep in touch with us.

ENGINE NOISES

by "JO" BLAKELY

Who said something about moving? We also have had our share, but we feel extremely fortunate in having been able to join forces with such a swell gang at Aircraft Overhaul.

Hats off to the boys for the efficient job of transporting Engines to Aircraft. One week from the Old Tech School location to Aircraft Overhaul, stock room and all, and continued production. Joe Simpson is still wondering how the boys moved the Engine stockroom in one day without loss of production. Welcome back, Mr. Austin. Maxine Stevens certainly will need your help now that the Stockroom has practically doubled.

Harold Malcolm is back in his old comfortable spot in Accounting. Has he a lease on that chair? Poor Mr. Smith is trying to keep up with what's going on in both Accounting and the Stockroom. We are requisitioning roller skates for him.

The dominating color in the Aircraft and Engine Division has changed from khaki to blue . . . or should we say Navy Blue? It's "All out for the Navy" now. We are overhauling utility aircraft, including engines and instruments, which is right down our alley.



MR. AND MRS. T. E. "BOOTS" FRANTZ enjoy the sea breezes at the Macfadden-Deauville, where Embry-Riddle cabanas are at their disposal. "Boots" is general manager of Chapman Field.

Dormitory Days

by "SIS" GIBBS and HELEN GRANTHAM

Upon entering Casa Del Mar, the new Embry-Riddle girls' dormitory, we are greeted by the quiet calm and dignified atmosphere made possible by the absence of Em Em Freeman and ourselves, who have set up an establishment of mirth and madness nearby.

But soon the atmospheric illusion is shattered; we hear freckle faced Joan Adams shouting at the top of her voice, and Billy Sturgeons, loudly taking the opposing side of a political argument. Peeping to see who is winning, we see Dot Baaskerville, with cotton stuck in her ears, industriously sewing buttons on her Red Cross uniform. Dot tells us she enjoys the work and is happy that she can be of some help to that wonderful organization.

Escaping with only a very few strands of hair missing, we dash madly to a haven of safety offered by our ex-neighbors, Lois "Gibbie" Ross and Muriel "Moo" Shaeffer. "Moo" who hails from New Jersey looks over a summit of freshly washed clothes, (wish we had some) and wishes us success in getting to the third floor.

As we start up the steps, we glance forlornly at our old room and think how lonesome the room looks without the smiling face of Al Wittenberg who is vacationing at Ocean City, N. J., before taking up flight instruction.

Soon everyone is pulling Helen Grantham away from the radio, where she has become entangled with an electrical current. This gives us energy enough to plod down to apartment 9 where we are greeted cheerily by Pat Patterson and Marcia Elion, who are taking life easy between flights.

Looking across the way we find Robbie Jo not at home as usual, so we begin our journey down to the most pleasant part of the dorm, "Mom" Berry's apartment. Here we always take our problems, joys and sorrows and hopes, as we know we will find a listener and a comforting word.

Having disturbed the quiet calm and dignified atmosphere of 222 Calabria, we leave for our own abode at 135 Calabria.

BUY BONDS

CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by EVA MAE LEE

THE R. A. I. SIDE

Congratulations to Fred A. Sheram, Jr. and his squadron for winning the 44K Squadron Efficiency Contest. We are glad



Eva Mae

to see Joe Carlin back on the instructor staff after a few months in ATC training. Frances Kacsmayk of Jack Schopenhauer's office is eagerly awaiting the arrival of her pilot husband from overseas. He is a brother of Joe Kacsmayk on our instructor staff. A letter from "Carl" Odena says that the second group of ATC trainees from Carlstrom all passed with flying colors and are on their way to Blytheville, Ark. where they will graduate in about four weeks. He also told us that Lt. A. B. Klopfenstein, former Commandant of Cadets at Carlstrom, is now a major and stationed at Macon, Ga. as Commandant.

Ray Farwell, Chief Parachute Rigger, has just completed his second job of airplane overhaul and has had it CAA approved. So if you're contemplating an overhaul job soon, go see Ray about it. (Isn't that plug worth at least a coke?)

Mildred Keene, formerly of Overhaul, is now employed in the Parachute department and Allie Wright has been transferred to Accounting.

Personals

We all were sorry to say good-bye to Jackie Livingstone and Mrs. McLeod, both of Accounting. Jackie has been at Carlstrom since December, 1941. We'll all miss her gaiety and friendliness but wish her happiness in her new job. Congratulations and best wishes to Mrs. McLeod who will be married and make her home in Arkansas.

Asst. General Manager Bob Bullock returned from a vacation spent on the east coast recently. He looks quite fit after golfing and fishing to his heart's content.

The Army Side

For the past week or two the Army Administration has been jostled and joggled and moved around so that any similarity to its former self is purely accidental. Mrs. Dykes and her Academic Board Section have moved from Barracks 2 to Administration. Lt. Naughton, Statistical Officer, also makes his headquarters there.

Similarly, Personnel has moved kit and kaboodle to the barracks with W/O Burrows, the new Personnel Officer, in charge.

Capt. Arnold Q. Edmundson, Adjutant at this station for the past few months, has been transferred to Smyrna Army Air Field in Tennessee and Lt. Stanley Greenwood, former Personnel Officer, has now assumed the duties of Adjutant.

And if you're looking for Lt. Lifton, don't go to the Processing Room, go instead to the Sgt. Major's office. Lt. Mayberry you will find in the Commandant's office. Now isn't that simple? . . . That's what I thought too—Clear as mud!

New Flying Officers

Two new flying officers have been assigned to Carlstrom recently. They are 1st Lt. Garnett Chisenhall of Gadsden, Ala. and 2nd Lt. Casperine Milo of Smithers, W. Va. Lt. Chisenhall was an instructor here, in Herb Wolf's flight, in the latter part of 1942. He entered the army in December of that year, was commissioned in June, 1943, and received his promotion to 1st Lt. this month on the day he reported to Carlstrom. He has been stationed in the Western Flying Training Command, coming here from the Primary school at Helena, Ark.

Lt. Milo graduated from twin engines at Spence Field the latter part of June and was assigned to Carlstrom almost immediately. Prior to entering pilot training, however, he saw 18 months' service as an enlisted man in various branches of the service: Engineers, Quartermaster, Signal Corps. He was stationed in England doing intelligence work from July, 1942, to March, 1943. As a civilian, Lt. Milo was

a high school math teacher. He is 28 years old and single!

Lt. Agnost is the proud papa of Frank, Jr. Capt. Agnew is engaged to Betty Parker, music teacher at the local high school. The wedding will take place in September.

I see Sgt. Erwin's new appendage, supposedly a moustache, is now gone. I guess he decided that 20,000 people (more or less) couldn't be wrong. If anyone knows where there is a good watermelon patch, please, oh please tell Lt. Lifton about it.

Congratulations to Lt. Weiner, the Wisconsin crooner, whose cadet group has won the drill competition at three successive Field Day events.

44K Fledglings Graduate

by LT. ROY J. WEINER

As a farewell gesture honoring the Carlstrom Field graduates of Class 44K, the traditional Officer-Cadet banquet was held in the mess hall on Thursday, August 5th. Lt. Ernest L. Haring, Special Services Officer, M-ceed the affair, introducing each of the featured speakers with a song regarding his home state.

First to receive the nod from Lt. Haring was Wing Commander Clarence E. Ball. The speaker, a resident of Jacksonville, expressed his thanks to the officers in behalf of his class for the cooperation and guidance given by the commissioned personnel.

The Yankee melody version of "I Wish I Were in Michigan" introduced Capt.

Continued on Page 19



HERE ARE THE BOYS WHO REPRESENTED CARLSTROM FIELD so well in the recent baseball series. Kneeling, left to right: Cadet "Sparky" Brown, Squadron Commander Alex Hayes, Sgt. Wayne Whitton, Instructor Harry Hess, Cpl. John "Murphy" Murray. Standing, left to right: Cadet Bill Chafin, Ed Sharkey, Instructor John D. Smith, Instructor Alex MacTavish, Assistant Squadron Commander Byron Shouppe, and Capt. Wilson McCormick. (Photo by Instructor John Doane.)

2 Carlstrom Graduates Give Their Lives in War

Capt. Albert F. Amiero, Carlstrom graduated of 42-K, was awarded the Silver Star for devotion to duty during a raid over Germany on March 6, 1944, when he gave his life in the service of his country. The citation reads:

"While piloting a B-17 on a bombardment mission over Germany, March 6, 1944, when approximately 200 miles from the target, hostile fighters made a vicious assault on his aircraft and succeeded in knocking out one engine and setting it ablaze.

Continued to Target

"In spite of this, knowing full well the danger of an explosion, he kept his plane in formation and continued on to the target, bombing it effectively. Just prior to reaching the coast of Europe on the return journey, the blaze flared up with increasing intensity. He radioed the group leader that he would be forced to abandon plane and shortly afterwards a number of parachutes were seen to open from the burning aircraft.

"The gallantry, devotion to duty and will to fight on against overwhelming odds displayed by him set an inspiring example for others and contributed to the destruction wrought on a vital enemy installation."

Further Citation

Capt. Amiero, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Amiero of Dundee, Ill., was with the 100th Bomb Group of the 8th Air Force since July of 1943. He was awarded the Air Medal on December 14th of that year and an Oak Leaf Cluster on January 14th of this year for "exceptionally meritorious achievement on bomber combat missions over enemy occupied Continental Europe."

LAST FLIGHT

Sergeant Pilot Kenneth D. Lee, a graduate of Carlstrom's United Kingdom Class 42-G, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross on October 14, 1943 for meritorious service. Mrs. Rupert Smith of Ar-



SERGEANT PILOT KENNETH D. LEE OF 42-G

cadia, Fla., at whose home Kenneth spent many happy hours during his primary training here, shared with us the information contained in letters from his parents who live in Bromborough, Cheshire, England.

It is believed that Sgt. Pilot Lee did not know of the decoration before taking off on October 25th on what proved to be his last flight. In fact, his parents did not learn of the award until April of this year. In May, they were honored by an invitation to attend ceremonies at Buckingham Palace on June 13th at which time they were presented the medal by King George VI.

WAR BOND WINNER

Margaret H. Reeve of Carlstrom Field has been awarded a \$100 War Bond by the Embry-Riddle company for selling the largest amount of bonds during the past drive. The maturity value of \$4,650.00 is credited to Margaret. Congratulations!

There has always been good natured rivalry between Carlstrom and Dorr Field, so there was nothing unusual in the fact that the two Fields ran neck and neck in the War Bond contest. Martha Holbrook of Dorr ran a very close second with her sales amounting to the maturity value of \$4,525.00. Too bad, Martha, better luck next time.

The winners of the individual prizes at each division had not been announced when we went to press, but will be made known within the next few days.

The Embry-Riddle School of Aviation wishes to thank one and all for his or her enthusiastic participation in the War Bond contest. In buying these bonds you not only have helped yourselves but you have given aid to the boys overseas. *Buy more and more often!*

Welcome To 45-B

45-B, you are the 39th class of cadets to be trained at Carlstrom Field. You have the best of instruction, both on the ground and in the air, that is to be had; the best of care is given to your well being. You have the added privilege of training at the school with the highest safety record in the country.

We welcome you heartily and hope that your stay will be a memorable one.

FORGIVENESS

Continued from Page 4

kingly character to repeat them with sincerity. Unless we American people can adopt that attitude of Christian forgiveness, we lack the moral stature and spiritual acumen to meet the challenge of world leadership and to bring in the day of justice and enduring peace.



CAPTAIN ALBERT F. AMIERO OF 42-K

FIELD DAY

by EVA MAE LEE

Field Day is a big day at Carlstrom Field, and one of the best ever presented was held on August 2nd. It is on this day that the cadets rise and shine for the benefit of many spectators including their wives and sweethearts. As is the custom, the morning was given over to drill and athletic events included basketball, volleyball, football, softball, tennis and swimming.

Honors to Group D

Group D of 44K, under the direction of Sgt. Dick Roberts, capped the honor ribbon for athletics by winning 25 out of the available 30 points. They scored highest in each event except swimming. Group C of 44K, under Sgt. Mickey Treadway, close behind with 22 points, starred in the swimming events.

Cadet W. L. Hurt won the 100-yd. free style in 67.5 seconds; Cadet A. C. Ezelle, the 50-yd. breast stroke in 39.8; and Cadet G. M. Buyce, the 50-yd. back stroke in 34.8. The 75-yd. medley was made in 48.6.

Tennis stars showed up in Groups A and B of Class 45A. Cadets Felix Fleming and Alfred Gaston won their singles and exhibited some real tennis playing.

Class 45A came to the fore when its Group B under Lt. Roy Weiner was presented the ribbon for the drill competition. This makes the third consecutive Field Day at which Lt. Weiner's group has won the honors.

An excellent demonstration of student flying was presented in the afternoon when the outstanding cadets of the graduating class took part in a bomb dropping contest and exhibited their skill in aerobatics (which included snap rolls, slow rolls and immelmans). The judges announced the winners as A/C James E. Smith and A/C William L. Stephenson.

Hair-Raising

Climaxing the day's activities was a program of exhibition flying. A pleasure to behold was the formation flight of Capt. Clarence Porter, our popular Commanding Officer, and Lts. Marvin Lindsay and Alvin May. Hair-raising would describe the ma-

Continued on Page 19

DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

by A/C L. J. FARRELL

Kaydet Korner

Among the surprises this writer has experienced recently was the request to do this column for the Fly Paper. And so, not knowing exactly what to expect, I embarked on this literary venture, with a somewhat vague idea in mind as to what this is all about. By way of warning, dear readers, proceed at your own risk.

Just about a month ago, Class 45A put in its appearance at Dorr Field, and now we have moved into that exalted strata, the upper class, and a new group of "gadgets." 45B has arrived. To them we say welcome, and wish them a very pleasant stay.

A Cinch

The "vets" of A, as is the usual procedure, are pouring many and varied tales of woe into these new and unsuspecting ears. Almost anywhere you hear such statements as "check rides, boy, they're awful" or "naw, engines are a cinch," and so on. But don't worry, boys, soon we will be moving on, then you can take your turn passing on all of this valuable information to another incoming class.

With 45A moving up as the new upper class and consequently becoming eligible for week-end passes, quite a beaten path now exists between Dorr and surrounding towns. The crop of sunburned backs was quite large, too, after that first week end. Florida sun is really hot, eh boys?

Who Knows?

Monday mornings now see sleepy eyed cadets wending their way to reveille, tired but happy. 45A cadets, now in the midst of flight checks, wander around with dazed expressions. One cadet was heard to say, "Who knows how to fly the Stearman?"

With 44K cinching the Dorr-Carlstrom Field Day meet recently, it now remains for 45A to keep up the good record and keep the cup in its rightful place. Dorr Field physical training instructors are grooming the cadets for this event which



INSPECTION AT DORR FIELD

will come off some time in early September. Of course, the Field Day will be just a formality. We already know who's going to win it.

A Jump Ahead

Several cadets now training at Dorr were well indoctrinated in the flying art before reporting here. A/C Marcus Chart is an ex-pilot of C-47s with considerable time in those ships. Among others who have flown previously are A/Cs Bill Haverland, Demeduc and Mountcastle, the latter having been a civilian student of Embry-Riddle in Miami, his home town.

By way of signing off for this time, let it be said that 45A has greatly enjoyed its stay so far at Dorr Field and, when the time comes for us to move onward, we will take with us many happy memories and pleasant recollections of this tour of duty.

Field Day

By winning Field Day (on August 3rd) the Dorr Cadets of Class 44-K gained permanent possession of the Carlstrom-Dorr Trophy for athletics during the past year—Classes 44-A through 44-K.

During this time Carlstrom won the competition four times, Dorr won five times and three were two ties.

Much credit should be given the Dorr Field boys of Class 44-K for winning this competition with five matches to none as the results.

Basketball: Dorr 20, Carlstrom 16. Softball: Dorr 5, Carlstrom 1. Swimming: Dorr 18, Carlstrom 14. Volleyball: Dorr 15,

Carlstrom 2; Dorr 15, Carlstrom 8. Tennis: Dorr 4, Carlstrom 1.

Stars of the Meet were: (Dorr) Parker, Robey, Singer, Sanderson, Szatrowski, Finstad, Sales, Doyle, Hofaker, Bergell, Moller, Venus, Cassessl, Henry, Marye, Knoke, Surface, Nelson, Loebig, Smith, Ridaught and Vann. Carlstrom cadets, as available here, were Hunt, Ezelle, Buyce, Lambo, Fricke, Bell and Foster.

BACK DORR

by A. GREMLIN

"Farewell" to Major Curnutt, departing C.O., and "Greetings" to Capt. Conneen who has assumed command at Dorr Field.

Mr. Stroud dood it again! Hired another pretty young lady, Marjorie Hamm, to work in the Accounting department—all he needs now is a platinum blonde to complete the group.

'Tis heard that Jack W. and Earl (the bus driver) are now telling *duck* stories!

Lt. Cameron and Class 44K put on a fine graduation dance according to all reports.

Oh's and Ah's of the Month

Marjorie's darling off-the-neck-but-not-all-on-top hair-do. And then when she wears that pretty shade of blue—W.O.W! Gertrude G.'s blushes when questioned on the subject of 'phone calls! Betty Stephens' new dance frock—just couldn't be improved upon! Martha says she hasn't been doin' a thing of interest—a good story, Martha! The energy displayed by Betty Denham is an ever-new surprise to us—she must get it from those triple-decker ice cream cones.

Sgt. Little is now the proud papa of an 8½ pound son. *Congrats.*



A SIMPLE MATTER

Now it is an odd thing that "pay" can have such a different meaning in the Army as compared to that other world. It seems that pay day in the Army means to pay out and not so significant is the pay received.

After many questions and evasive answers (or maybe we asked the wrong persons) I found that we lost \$1.22 in lieu of paragraph 3, section 7, volume 8, series 592-1/4, which specifically states that subsistence allowance on food for A/Cs is one dollar a day on a thirty day month basis; however, August has thirty-one and 22/100 days, if you follow me (better not, I'm already lost), you will no doubt see why we lost \$1.22.

Pay is figured by adding the credits and subtracting the debits and then the balance is divided by twelve and we finish by having a small payment deducted from our salaries each month to balance our accounts.

It is a simple matter (?) for a C.P.A., but as for me, from now on I'll take what I get and not try to figure the whys and hows.

WHITNALL WIT

by JACK WHITNALL

It's been so long since we wrote anything for this column that we hardly know where to begin. First, we'll mention a known way to keep Frank Haynes happy—just be sure that he gets to see the Western Movie every Saturday night. The other night the guards claim to have heard somebody singing western songs over near the mess hall. The Editor of this column requests a sufficient quantity of cotton wadding for the ears.

Two new additions to the canteen, Dickie Meyers and Ray Spere, both of Arcadia. Ray's Dad is City Recorder in Arcadia, while Dickie is the Grandson of "Pop" Meyers of the Auxiliary Field. Ray's sister Laurie works in the Administration building.

We wonder just where Instructor Bardol got that pair of swimming trunks we saw him in the other day? Boy, they fairly shriek.

The Army Side

Welcome to our new Commanding Officer, Capt. Conneen, who hails from South Orange, N. J. That state being famous for its mosquitos, we wish to apologize for what our 'skeeters lack, but we hereby announce that all Florida 'skeeters are equipped with a spearhead invasion thrust and it is a known fact that only the female bites (as yet we have never met up with a male 'skeeter).

To all and sundry—tech order No. 231/4 is in effect; that the lake on the S. W. corner of No. 1 Auxiliary Field (not Carlstrom) will in future be known as Visor's Lagoon, named after Dorrs' adjutant. (In



PAY DAY

fact, he named it himself). We might also add a word of warning to Capt. Conneen: Sir, we advise you not to lend Capt. Visor your coveralls, Major Curnutt's were used as a net to catch bait.

If we hadn't seen it we never would have believed it, Lt. Heckle actually caught a 5 1/4 lb. bass (now don't heckle, it was not 5 1/2 lbs. either).

Strong and Silent

Another fisherman for whom we have the greatest admiration is Lt. Joseph Green, one of the strong silent types. We saw him get one of the worst backlashes in history, but he did no ranting and raving, he just gave the backlash to us, laid down and went to sleep. A timely suggestion would be that he take two or three mechanics fishing with him next time.

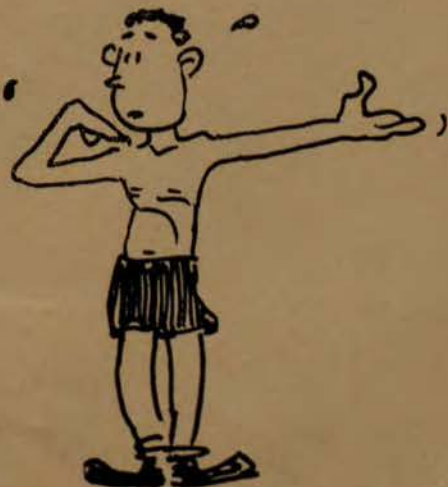
Thanks, Lt. Rubertus, for the return of our lawnmower. Mrs. Rubertus told us that she found it to be the easiest one she ever pushed.

Welcome to Lts. Anderson and Sawyer. Have you noticed the contraptions that they boastfully call automobiles? Lt. Anderson's a tri-motor job, you try to start the motor one week and rest up the next.

Welcome to Capt. Smith, new sawbones at the Infirmary. Among his professional talents along surgical lines the Captain is one of the bestest car polishers we ever saw. (Paid ad.)

Tol'ably yours,

Jack



Capt. Joseph L. Conneen New C. O. At Dorr Field

Capt. Joseph L. Conneen, new commanding officer of Dorr Field, relieved Major Curnutt on 5 August 1944. Capt. Conneen formerly commanded the 2161st Base Unit at Ocala, Fla., and prior to that duty was Air Inspector at Bennettsville, S. C., for 22 months. The Captain, with Class 42-E, received his wings at Spence Field, Moultrie, Ga.

South Orange, New Jersey, is the home of Capt. Conneen and before entering the Air Corps he attended Lehigh University where he majored in Business Administration. In the near future he expects to have Mrs. Conneen and his sixteen-month-old daughter, Mary Jane, join him in Arcadia.

Our sports fans may be interested to learn that the new commanding officer prefers wrestling, tennis and baseball in the sports field.

Like most newcomers, Capt. Conneen agreed with oldtimers of the Field that Dorr is in an excellent location and has fine facilities for primary pilot training.

FIELD DAY

Continued from Page 17

neuvers performed in an AT-6 by Capt. Len Povey, famous acrobatic flyer and vice president of the Embry-Riddle Company.

The final parade was particularly impressive. It was at this time that the Commanding Officer presented the guidon ribbons to A/C Thomas E. Hall, Group D Commander, and A/C Daniel T. McKeithan, Group B Commander, and identification bracelets as trophies to Cadets Smith and Stephenson, winners of the flying competitions.

FLEDGLINGS

Continued from Page 16

Wilson M. McCormick, director of Physical Training, who presented the trophies to the great athletes of the outgoing class. After expressing his love for Kalamazoo, the Capt. awarded the swimming championship trophy to A/C William L. Hurt, the track trophy to A/C Willie F. Kelley, and the tennis cup to A/C Donald W. Lambo. Lambo and A/C Albert V. Hollister were deadlocked for the Physical Fitness Award but both received trophies emblematic of their athletic superiority.

Capt. Clarence W. Porter, Commanding Officer, addressed the cadets following the song of his home state, "Take Me Back to Colorado." Capt. Porter complimented the class on its flying record and wished them success in their future training.

Having listened to three speeches and several ad lib jokes, which made the audience think of Iowa where the stuff grows tall, the cadets were eager for open post scheduled at the termination of the banquet. 'Nough said.

Engines Instructor at Sao Paulo School Tells Willard Hubbell of Life in Brasil

São Paulo
July 6, 1944

Dear Jean and Willard,

Nick tells us that you are all going back to the Gables. That should make you happy now that you will have the time each morning for that extra glass of California orange juice. (This is one time that I can have the last word for ten second or more.)

The day that I arrived in São Paulo I felt pretty sure that you hadn't done me a favor after all and that George Zimmer was luckier than I. However, I've changed my mind since then and I really do thank you for your help. 'Nuff said.

Everyone is a little amazed when they hear that Mary actually arrived in São Paulo the day after I did. Two days after her arrival we were in our house out in one of the Jardins. The bonde to the center of town passes in front of the door, and the school station wagon picks me up and deposits me each day within four blocks of the house.

We sort of had our fingers crossed at first, expecting some kind of repercussion from the sudden change of food, water and climate, but so far the only effect has been that we eat more than we used to eat. And speaking of food, it really is a sight to go

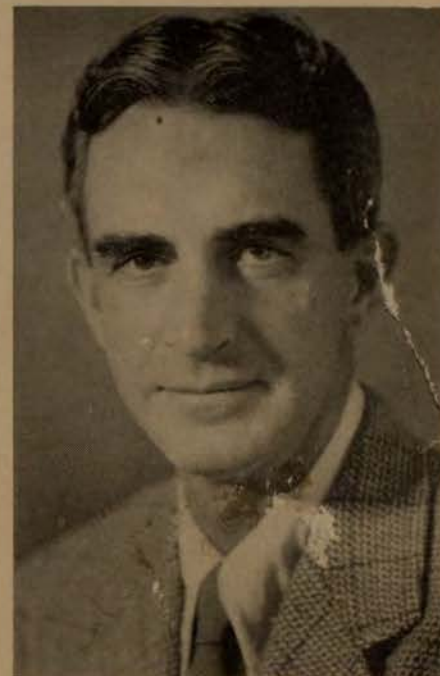
to the open air markets. Mary, Sally and the maid go twice a week and come home with so much food that they have to have a small boy carry the basket.

The work at school is interesting but by the end of the day my mind is in a whirl after concentrating all day on Portuguese. The third week I lectured 16 hours in Basic Electricity, when one of the men was ill.

I have found, as have most of the rest, that we learned enough Portuguese in Miami to make ourselves understood, but it takes quite a while before one is really able to understand the language as it is spoken. To hasten this day of understanding, Mary and I have arranged to have a girl who works here at the school come out to the house in the evenings to swap English for Portuguese.

It won't be long before I start my courses in the Instructors School. I don't seem to be making my preparations fast enough to suit me, but we'll start on schedule. If all goes as I am hoping and planning, I should have an extensive department. Mr. Sprague has let me have 90 hours instead of 48.

Please give my regards to Zed, Emmy, Rosemary and Don and anyone else I know who is still in Miami. And Willard, please tell Lydia (hope that is spelled right) that



TO ATTEND THE FIRST GRADUATION at the Escola Técnica de Aviação, John Paul Riddle has left Miami for São Paulo, Brasil. Students who have been trained at the school in ground crew maintenance will be graduated as third sergeants in the Brazilian Air Force.

each time we have fried bananas I think of the first time I ate them out at your home.

Jim Moller
As ever,



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